

THE MICHAELMAN

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1957-58

St. Michael's College
Winooski Park, Vermont
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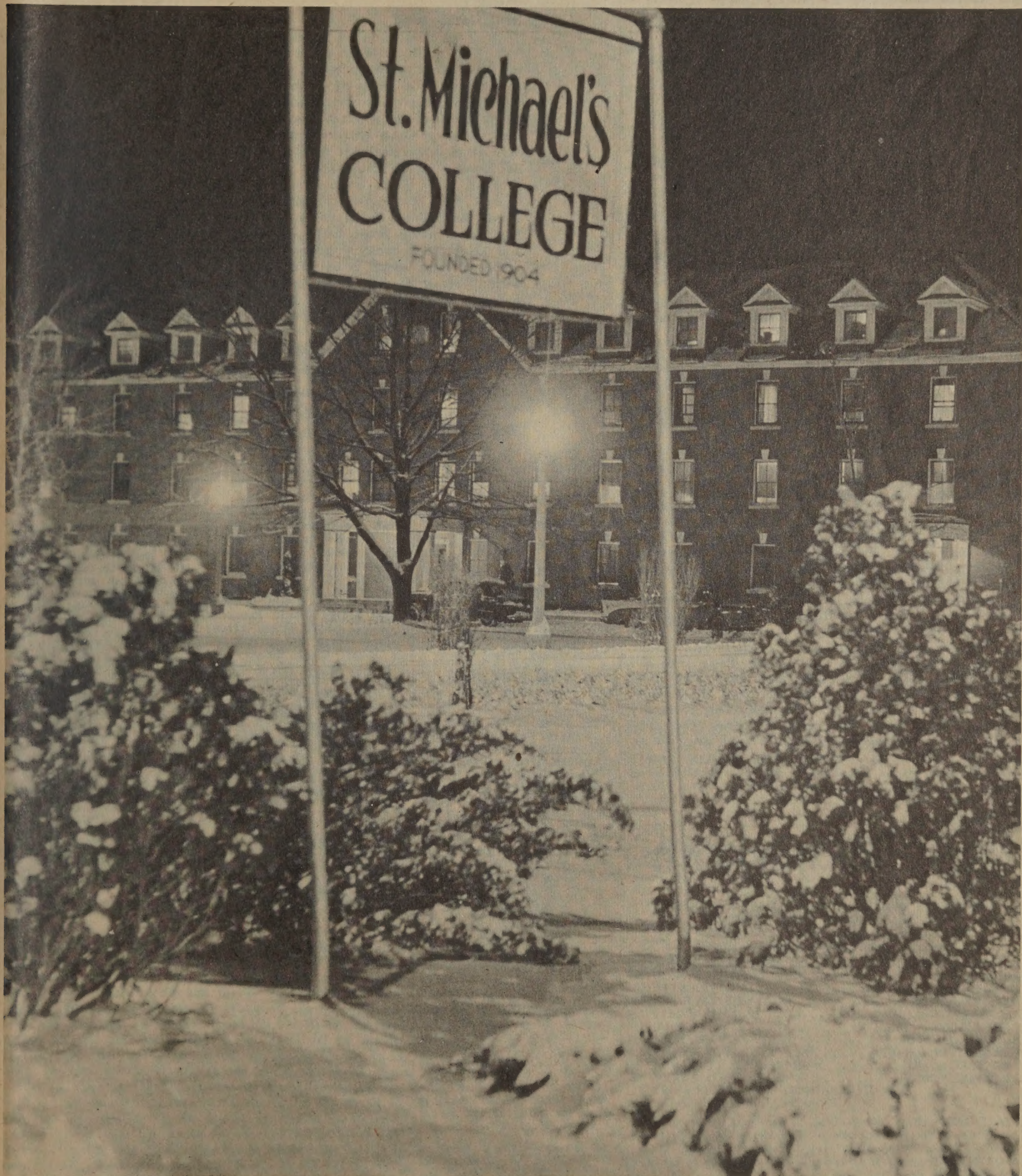


The Michaelman

St. Michael's College, Winooski, Vermont

Vol. II, No. 8

December 14, 1957



CHRISTMAS AT SAINT MICHAEL'S

POGOIAN PHILOSOPHY

The inimitable cartoonist Walt Kelly, creator of "Pogo", forcefully embodied the spirit of Christmas in a three panel symbolic sketch some years ago. In panel #1, he pictured Pogo and his friends of the deep swamp gathered together to sing their annual Christmas carol, a ditty of utter nonsense. In the second box, the "wise" owl, Pogo, Miz Groundchuck and her wordless son, Grandoon are seen heading home, as the owl mutters, "Every year I sing it and I sing it and still I don't know what it means." As the three are silhouetted against a full moon in the final installment, Pogo sagely asks, "Miz Groundchuck, when you kiss Grundson good-night and he says 'GBNX', do you know what it means?" To which she simply replies, "Shux no". But does she need to know? Like the owl, do we any longer know the true meaning of Christmas?

Without dwelling on the point, we may say that the holidays are now tremendously commercialized. Yet if we stop to think, is the spirit of Christmas found in hitting the bottle? in the reception of gifts? or in the Christmas day football classic?

Or is it found in the sparkle of a little boys eyes as he views the manger for the first time? Does he understand the Immaculate Conception, or how God can be Father and Son? Can he anticipate the magnanimous answer to questioning of his mother, "Who was the

Christ Child?"
Shux no.

But when his mother explains that the Christ Child was the Son of God became man to open the gates of heaven, the promised Messiah coming not as king but in the most humble circumstances, then the little boy begins to understand.

Amid his mother's relation of wise men, pointing stars and angels appearing to shepherds, he begins to recognize that the babe smaller than himself is Divine. In his wild imagination he will liken his mother to the Blessed Virgin, his father to Joseph. Staring wide-eyed at the scene, he receives the message of the manger-love.

The babe is to be adored; honored. For this was God the Creator-made man because of His Own infinite love for mankind. And the little boy is to love the babe in return.

Does it require a tremendous intellect to understand the message of Christmas? Would it require a great effort in the part of each individual to observe the true meaning and spirit of Christmas?

Shux no.

A remembrance is all that is needed. A remembrance of the Christ Child and why He came on earth.

Then we may be the "Miz Groundchucks", not bothering with the senseless babblings of Grundoon, commercialism, but understanding what he really means, which is the spirit of Christmas, love.

CHRIST'S DAY

Yes, let's put Christ back into Christmas. That is the cry heard too little in these days of international strife and tension. The majority of the masses seem to have forgotten just who's day Christmas is. This majority have turned the greatest birthday in history into one of annual commercializing. It has erupted into a season of gift-giving, profit-making, and party-making. The gift of today has lost all its symbolic meaning and few if any reflect upon the first Christmas and the meaning of gold, incense, and myrrh. These were the gifts given to Him on His day. They were gifts which exemplified the great love and adoration of the wise men. But where has that love and adoration, so richly deserved, gone today? Where are the thanks, the humbling, the acknowledgement that He should not have to ask for? Where has His day gone? Yes, let's put Christ back into Christmas, back where He so rightfully belongs.



The Michaelman

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SAINT MICHAEL'S COLLEGE

WINOOSKI PARK
WINOOSKI, VERMONT

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

December 12, 1957

Dear Michaelmen:

This Christmas season the gaze of men's eyes is drawn toward outer space. It is Divine paradox that the wiles of godless men should cause God-fearing men to search the skies. Man-made moons cast gloom over the world, but anxious eyes that scan the skies will be reminded of God's star of hope and promise that led the Wise Men to Bethlehem. Wise men always go to Christ.

My prayer for you this Yuletide is that it will be filled with heavenly merriment, echoing the joy of the angels when they gave court to Jesus, Mary and Joseph. Conscious though you may be of the world of outer space to conquer, forget not the world within you which the Christ Child comes upon earth to conquer as Prince of Peace. May He give you that peace which surpasses all human understanding.

Sincerely,

Francis E. Moriarty, S.S.E.

Francis E. Moriarty, S.S.E.
President

by Lawrence X. Clifford

Question of the week: *What can we do to improve school spirit, here at St. Michael's?*



Senior, Joseph Haley, Albany, N.Y.

School spirit is the responsibility of the student and therefore rests in his "Participation". When we achieve participation in all school activities to the extent that the students become an integral part of St. Michael's; then we have a proud student body and therefore one with school spirit.



Junior, P. Terrence O'Grady, Lynn, Mass.

Assuming spirit stems from respect, in an institution of this nature it necessitates an academic and intellectual tradition. It seems now that we are traditionally traditionless. So to this area should our greatest efforts lie. For only through us can this be established.

Sophomore, Mike McMahon, Bronx, N.Y.

Just as a farmer must have the ground to plant and the seed to sow, a student body needs the activities at which they can manifest their enthusiasm. True, there are a number of clubs on campus

which the students can join, but it remains for a sport like basketball to provide the setting through which the majority of students can demonstrate this dynamic school spirit. I believe that many colleges would like to have the spirit that exists latently here at St. Mike's. It seems to be that we as students just need more opportunity to exhibit it.



Freshman, Jerry Martel, New Britain, Conn.

I think the school spirit here at St. Mike's is pretty good. But, it can be improved.

For basketball the spirit is good as was proven at the pep rally and the at game. We lack spirit in other activities such as the Sophomore dance held last Saturday night. I think more students could have attended. In my opinion I think more social activities would improve the school a great deal.

TO YOU AND YOURS A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Jan. 3 Game-SMC section tickets at N'eastern Field House.
Get-together after at the 2nd floor SMITH HOUSE, Memorial Drive, in Cambridge.

A NEW STAR

In addition to religious devotion and traditional merriment, Christmas this year brings jarring and ironic thoughts on the condition of the world. The peaceful, pastoral land where Christ was born is now the sniping ground of Arabs and Jews. A new star appeared in the heavens nearly 2,000 years ago, a precursor of the coming of Our Saviour to redeem men from sin, a guide to the fervent Magi in their search for God. Today there are two new stars in the sky, guides to the boozy commissar, Mr. K., as he seeks to destroy God's Kingdom on Earth and to dominate the world in the name of atheistic communism; precursors of the unknown fate of the free world. The clatter of tanks and guns echo through-out the land where the angels were once heard singing "Peace on earth, good will towards men". Never has the contrast, between what is and what was meant to be, been more unnervingly apparent than this Christmas as the leading powers of the world square off for a showdown under the mixed light of the Star of Bethelmen and Sputniks 1 and 11.

Christmas Dances Highlight Vacation

by Joe Watson

The various area clubs of St. Michael's will sponsor this year, as in the past, traditional alumni Christmas Dances during the Christmas holidays. These functions are under the co-sponsorship of the students and alumni from each of nine areas which have clubs on campus.

At many of the events, students will present brief intermission collegiate-type entertainment to precede the traditional Christmas message from the college delivered by the faculty representative.

At most of the events they will have a five piece orchestra and corsages will be provided for the ladies. Dress will be informal and all alumni and students' friends are cordially invited.

SPRINGFIELD

This year's dinner-dance of the Springfield Club will be held at the Sheraton Kimball Hotel from 7:30-12:00 A.M., on December 28th. The ticket price for this semi-formal dance will be \$8.00

NEW YORK CITY AREA

On December 28, the New York and New Jersey Club will join in the annual Christmas Dance at the Hotel New Yorker (New Orleans Room). Dancing will be from 9:00 to 1:00 A.M. and the ticket price will be \$7.00. (Students \$5.50).

BURLINGTON

The Burlington Club will hold their annual Christmas Dance on December 31, in Austin Hall. It will be a Buffet Dinner Dance and dancing will be from 10:00 to 2:00 A.M. Tickets for this affair are \$5.00

WORCESTER

On December 26, the Worcester Club will hold a Buffet Dinner at the Sterling Inn, in Sterling, Massachusetts. Dancing

will be from 9:00 to 1:00 A.M. tickets are \$6.00.

ALBANY

This year the Albany Club will hold its buffet dinner and dance on January 4 at the Circle Inn, in Latham, New York. Dancing will be to the Iarossie Band from 9:00 to 1:00 A.M. Tickets are \$6.00.

CONNECTICUT

On December 27, the Connecticut Club plans a semi-formal dance at the Stanley Country Club in New Britain. Tickets are priced at \$4.00. Dancing will take place from 9:00 through 1:00 A.M.

PITTSFIELD

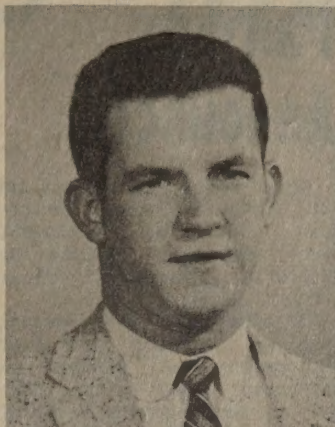
An informal dance will be held at the Knights of Columbus Hall on December 27. The dance will be from 9:00 to 1:00 A.M. Students will be admitted free.

BOSTON

The Boston Club will hold this year's dance, as in the past, at Robin Hood's Ten Acres, in Wayland, Massachusetts on December 27. Dancing will be held from 9:00 to 1:00 A.M. Tickets are priced for \$3.00

The presidents of the clubs are as follows: Robert Gibbs, Albany; Peter Ruselowski, Connecticut; Donald Behringer, New York; Normand Lavallee, Philip Griffin, and Rosario Canizzaro, Burlington; Francis Spellacy, Springfield; John Calnan, Boston; William Gorman, Worcester.

CARMODY NEW FROSH PRESIDENT



Dave Carmody

ELECTION RESULTS

President - D. Carmody

Vice-President -

J. Mastromatto

Secretary - D. Dakin

Treasurer - C. Denesio

Student Council -

P. LaRusso

R. Hickey

M. Lynch

C. Messenger

R. Pellegrine

St. Michael's Becomes Family College

Statistics from the office of Fr. Coombs, S.S.E., Dean of Men, show that there are presently 16 sets of brothers on campus. Among them are 4 sets of twins and 3 families which have 3 sons enrolled at SMC.

Freshmen have the monopoly on twins with 3 sets. They are: James and William Kane of New York City; Paul and Peter Kullman of Staten Island, N.Y.; and Albert and Brian Tarleton of Ridgewood, N.J. Sophomores take second place with one set: Frank and Ronald Aliazzo of Forest Hills, N.Y.

THREE BROTHERS

Those families who have three sons at St. Mike's are: James, Sullivan and William Barr, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Barr of Albany, N.Y.; Angelo, Corrado and Rosario Cannizzaro, sons of Mr. and Mrs. John Cannizzaro of Burlington, Vt.; and George, Robert and Wilfred Magette, sons of the late Wilfred Magette and Mrs. Tillie Swan of Burlington.

THE BRANONS

It has not been determined how many of the present Michaelmen have had brothers at St. Mike's. The record, however, appears to be held by the family of former Vermont State Senator Frank Branon. Six Branon boys have attended this college, plus a daughter for the Cadet Nursing Program.

FATHER CROWLEY

For brothers attending at one time, the record is held by the four sons of the late Jeremiah A. Crowley and Mrs. Mary Crowley of Babylon, Long Island, N.Y. They attended immediately after World War II. One of them is still on campus. The Rev. John P. Crowley, S.S.E., Secretary to the Superior General of the Society of St. Edmunds.

SHIELD AD'S NEAR GOAL

Bill Keeler, business manager for the 1958 *Shield* has announced that this year's advertising campaign is almost within reach of their desired goal of \$2,200 (dollars).

The *Shield* editors have allotted 32 pages of this year's edition to advertisements, and to date, approximately 25 have been completed.

SHORT TIME

Pride in the staffs achievement stems from the fact that this sum was achieved within the period of one month, and in previous years, the advertising staff was given the entire school year to solicit contracts. The speed-up, considered by some as impossible, is in accordance with the senior classes' intention of having the 1958 *Shield* ready for the students before the summer recess.

STAFF

Contracts for advertising so far include companies in Albany, Boston, N.Y.C. and even one as far as Washington, D.C. The staff, composed of J. Gownley, J. Maheu, R. LaRock, D. Smith, W. Foucher, and M. D'Arcangelo, will close its campaign after the vacation.

Christmas Vacation Extended

by Fred Scarlatelli

Ecstatic spirit and sentiment has once more captured our campus. Cheerfulness and enthusiasm are running quite out of the ordinary due to the fast closing span of days until we evacuate the hill-top. Students and prof's are looking forward to potential good times being planned over the much needed break. Club dances, basketball games and many social events will be the center of activity.

Yet, the main reason the vacation is designed for such an extended period is so that students may find employment.

'53 DECISION

This idea concerning the length of such an intermission was investigated, analyzed and debated on by the Student Council in 1953. They decided to have a one day Thanksgiving vacation in order to realize this longer Christmas vacation. Since it is virtually an impossibility to get an extended holiday over both months, the council weighed the problem and came up with the solution. The vacation will commence December 13 at 10:30 A.M. and will terminate January 6, 1958 at 8:30 A.M.

Sister Corita's Art Exhibited

During the month of December the Fleming Museum of The University of Vermont will have an exhibition of The Serigraphs of Sister Mary Corita, I.H.M. of Immaculate Heart College in Los Angeles. Considered to be one of the leading artists in this media today, Sister Mary's work has been shown in many group and one man exhibitions across the country.

Editor's Note:

Front page photograph courtesy of C. Meunier, '61.

Campus Radio Lists Projects

WSSE, the Radio Voice of St. Michael's College, has announced a major improvement program now under way to improve its broadcasting facilities.

Projects for the improvement were disclosed by John Haggerty, acting manager. They will include the purchase of one professional turntable and two new "pick-up crystals". These additions will be bought in order to improve the sound production while broadcasting.

Tentative plans were also disclosed to bring Trinity back to St. Michael's after Christmas. The girls, a feature of last years programs will possibly do two thirty minute shows each week.

In addition to technical improvements, the Business Staff of WSSE is planning several fund raising activities for the coming semester.

One possibility discussed was for a weekly "Record Hop", but no definite plans have been made.

The station, now operating on a joint network with the UVM radio station, WRUV, hopes to announce the addition of Middlebury College to the network, after the holidays. At that time, Jon Munroe, now student teaching in Lewiston, Maine, will resume his position as station manager.

O'Grady SMC Delegate

Terrence O'Grady, President of the New England NFCCS, will be the regional and St. Michael's College representative to the National Council Meeting of the NFCCS in Chicago during the Christmas vacation.

O'Grady will be the only New England delegate to this conference. Approximately 35 Catholic College students from all over the country will attend this administrative meeting. They are the ones who will make all decisions relevant to the national program of the National Federation of Catholic College Students.

A junior at St. Mikes, Terry was elected regional president of this national organization last Spring. Under his administration the entire New England program of the NFCCS is being revamped. The first objective is an intensive public-relations campaign and orientation programs for all members. Every Catholic College student automatically becomes a member of the NFCCS. From the 25 Catholic Colleges in New England, it has over 20,000 members alone.

Last summer, Terry represented St. Michael's and New England at the National NFCCS Congress in New York City. At the request of the National Chaplain of the Federation, he presented himself as a candidate for the office of National president. He was the first college Junior ever to be authorized to run for this office.

Glee Club Sings On Holy Hour

by Jerry Curran

Saint Michael's College Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. John D. Donoghue, participated in the Holy Name Society Holy Hour on Sunday, December 3rd.

The Holy Hour was celebrated at Holy Rosary Church, Richmond, Vermont; with members of all the Holy Name Chapters of the entire Burlington Diocese present.

The Glee Club furnished the choral background for Benediction along with the selections: *Adoramus Te*, *The*

Hymn of St. Francis, and the *Ave Maria*, during the induction of new Holy Name members.

ORPHANAGE CONCERT

The Club also appeared Tuesday evening at St. Joseph's Orphanage, Burlington for their annual Christmas concert. In addition to singing the traditional Christmas carols, they presented a Negro hymnal, *Mary Had a Baby*, written especially for the Christmas season. Other selections included *The Winter Song* and another spiritual, *Listen to the Lambs*.



Area Club Presidents: Left to right, seated: John Calnan, Boston; Peter Ruselowski, Connecticut; Donald Behringer, New York. Standing: Francis Spellacy, Springfield; Robert Gibbs, Albany; William Gorman, Worcester.

Marine Tourney A Test For Knights

The Broken Fungo

by Vin Farrell

After being threatened by all sorts of banshees and leprechauns as a result of last week's column; I decided to go to my tormentors and prove that the "Milk of Human Kindness Flows Through My Veins By The Quart". In doing this, I hope no one is offended, but if they are, this work has been given the OK to be published by Samuel French Company. Due to the Holiday Season, we have decided to publish a "Letter to Santa" (For those wondering, I am not Ernie the Elf). We got so many, we will print parts from a few.

First comes one from little David Smith; the little fellow writes as follows:

Dear Santa,

I don't want much, just a new Grinder bag so my playmate Jolly Walt can sell our mud-pies to our pals. I can't leave you much, just The Money and Banking Final.

P.S. If you want the Graduate Records, see Bobby Gibbs.

Dear Santa,

My name is AHTIE Tateronis, I am six years old, but look much younger. Gee Santa, I wish I had a neck like Sen and the rest of the gang. Oh, and please Santa, teach me to throw a forward pass like Lammy.

(Merry Xmas Worcester!)

Dear Santa,

I live in Al 403. I don't want much, just a few things for my roommate, like cigarettes, weeds, butts, smokes, coffin-nails, and the like.

(Walt Kennedy)

P.S. (Oh, and would you send a cook book to Pennsy)

Dear Santa,

Please bring me a new Sports Editor.

Peter Feary

'Monday Morning' Knight Strategists

by Jack Dillon

In a poll taken recently on campus, since the St. Michael's Varsity Basketball team opened their 1957-58 season, the students were asked "What do you think of the team and how do you think the team will do this season?"

OPINIONS

The general opinion was that the team got off to a slow start because of nervousness, but everything looks good for the rest of the season. Most students figured the main reason for the nervousness was that the team was green and did not seem to be working together.

Then others said that the team lacked height, did not rebound well, their defensive game was lax and high scorer Hank Gretkowski seemed to be pushing his shots instead of playing his usual calm game. These opinions were the most common, so the MICHAELMAN went to work to get the answers to these opinions.

INEXPERIENCED

After looking at the records and having some interviews, the following came about. All these opinions can be answered in one statement, the team is green and inexperienced and things will work out in time. Getting into things a little deeper, such as the consideration of height. The team aver-

ages 6 feet 2 inches, which is pretty tall, but the Knights do not rely on height for their offensive play but rely on speed and the fast break, as Seattle University did in 1953 when they came East, with a team averaging 5 feet 10 inches and made a great name for itself in the N.I.T. Height also helps in the defensive game when it comes to blocking shots and this is the main place the Jacobmen seem to be lacking. They have not found anyone to fill in steadily for big John Wegrzynski in the center slot, but they make up for this lack of blocking by the great defensive floor play of Drew Denmead, Tiger Nicodemo and the others.

HANK

Then there is another big point, rebounds. Last year Hank had 343 rebounds to lead the Purple Knights, against Norwich, he was held to hardly any. The reason for this being because of his past record, Norwich boxed him out and he could not get in for the re-

Tournament Pairings Announced

Frist round pairings in the St. Michael's College Christmas Invitational Tournament were announced Monday by Athletic Director Geroge "Doc" Jacobs.

Williams will meet Adelphi and St. Anselm's will meet University of Vermont in afternoon games Friday, Dec. 27 in Burlington's Memorial Auditorium. That night, University of Massachusetts and American International will meet in the curtain raiser to a clash between Bowdoin and St. Michael's, New England small college NCAA champions. Afternoon games begin at 2, evening games at 7:30.

The tournament which will be held Friday and Saturday December 27 and 28 will end Monday, December 30. It is a winner-consolation type elimination tournament with each team playing three games, one each day. It is the first time St. Michael's has staged a tournament.

Trophies will be given by St. Michael's to the tournament winner, second and third place teams, also the the winner of the consolation round and to the outstanding player. Each participant will get an individual souvenir.

Records for last year show: Williams (8-10), Adelphi (13-12), St. Anselm's (17-5), Massachusetts (13-11), AIC (12-11) Bowdoin (9-11), St. Michael's (13-7).

GIBBS WINS TENNIS TOURNEY

Bob Gibbs, a senior from Albany, beat George Cronin, a Soph, in the final round of the Interclass Tennis Tournament. The score was 6-0, 6-1.

The tournament, which took place here on campus, featured 36 players. Four of these participated in the Semi-Finals. Gibbs beat Dave Williams from Old Hall while Cronin beat Phil Sheridan, a Junior.

bounds. Things are being done already to avoid this in future games.

What happened to Hanks' scoring, did he have a bad night, was he nervous or what? Facts could probably answer this better than anything else. A high scorer on any club needs to be set up, as the facts show, for example; when Bob Young (St. Michael's Little All American) and Tom Lemanowicz were playing together Bob set up Tom all year and Tom now holds the S.M.C. season scoring record. Last year with Bernie Cieplicki, St. Michael's floor general, setting up Hank he led the team in scoring. As some have stated Cieplicki's are hard to come by, but has anyone looked at Drew Denmead or Jim Browne yet! With any help at all Hank will not have to push his shots and should score more, and as the students indicated "As Hank goes St. Mike's goes". With that point in mind it looks as if the Purple Knights are in for another great season.

Mythical Title at Stake

by Jim Breagy

St. Michael's College Purple Knights will get an early season test of their strength when they participate in the Quantico Marine Christmas Tournament from the 27th to the 30th of December. Competition in that event promises to be even tougher than that in the St. Michael's Tournament.

PROVIDENCE

Of immediate interest is Providence. If the Knights meet the Friars a fictional New England championship may be in the balance. Last year under Joe Mullaney, Providence won 15 and lost 9, while coping their 2nd straight Rhode Island Title. Eight veterans return and three high-scoring sophs move up. Captain Ed Donohue (6-3) comes highly rated and is equally effective in the backcourt or up front. Jim Swartz (6-2), Frank Tirco (5-10), Dick Bessette (6), Pete Schementi (6-5), Ken Clements (6-1), Roger Canestrari (6-4), and Lionel Jenkins (6-3). Wally DiMasi leads the sophs. He averaged 23 ppg in freshman play last season. Among the Friars victims last year was Loyola (Chicago) which upended the Knights on the western trip.

HARTWICK

Hartwick College of Oneonta, New York, comes into the event with a good 1956-57 slate of 15-6 against such teams as Siena and Hobart. The Warriors, coached by "Bud" Getchell, are virtual unknowns to St. Michael's fans. Their captain Nick Lambros is the floor general of the club but the big man is Roy Hugo (6-3) forward who is the high scorer and rebounder. Other vets Doug Johnson (6-2) and Barry Lewis (6).

BELMONT ABBEY

Coach Al McGuire takes over at the Abbey this year. Al Taglieri and Roger Marcell have graduated but Luke Lenahan (6-3) top rebounder and corner man returns. "Dixie" Wrenn (6-4), Mike Ross (6-2), Frank Harding (6-5) and Bob Stewart (6-1). Francis Clair (6-4) is an outstanding soph who scored 183 points last year in a varsity reserve role.

BALDWIN-WALLACE

Baldwin-Wallace which gave the world Harrison Dillard, hit the .500 mark last year. They were 10 and 10. Wynn Hawkins, who pitches for Reading (Pa.) in the Class A Eastern League is the top scorer. Last year Hawkins scored 269 points in 16 games. Ron Roswell, a jump shooter, is the other forward with John Hebert at the pivot. Howie Wright and Al Burns are in the backcourt. Coach Ray Watts is now in his 23rd season at Berea.

FAIRMONT STATE (W. VA.)

Paul C. Davis' Falcons copied 21 victories last year and lost 7. Thier material is unknown here as are the Rams of West Chester State. They won 14 and lost 7 under Coach Emil Messikomer. The host Marines are again unknown but word has it that Holy Cross star Geroge Waddleton will be in the back court for the Leathernecks. Capt. Harry Wood replaces Lt. Col. Jim Blackwell at the helm.

The mythical New England basketball title could be settled in the Quantico Marine Christmas Tournament December 17-19 if St. Michael's College Purple Knights should draw the Providence College Friars as opponents.

St. Michael's will go into the tournament with a 23 game win streak against New England colleges. Providence, a power for the past two seasons, may be the toughest obstacle the Knights will face in keeping the streak alive. Last year Coach Joe Mullaney's Friars won 15, lost 9 and knocked off Loyola of Chicago which defeated St. Michael's on its western trip. The two schools have not met for twelve years. On December 12, 1945 St. Michael's won a double overtime thriller over the Friars at the Boston Garden, 64-61.

Coach George "Doc" Jacobs' Knights, who are 1956-57 New England College Division NCAA Champions, copped the consolation trophy in the Marine event last year and hope to better that performance this season.

After bowing to the host Marines 80-66, they bounced back to defeat Tampa and Wabash. All American candidate Hank Gretkowski was the tournament's leading rebounder and an all-tournament choice.

This year the Marines will play host to Hartwick College (Oneonta, N.Y.), Fairmont State (W. Va.), West Chester State (Pa.), Baldwin-Wallace (Ohio) and Belmont Abbey (N.C.), besides Providence and St. Michael's.

Hartwick (15-6), Fairmont State (21-7), West Chester (14-7) and Providence all had good records last year, while Baldwin-Wallace (10-10) and Belmont Abbey (11-16) were pushovers for no one.

The Marines will have entirely different personnel on hand this year including a new coach, Capt. Harry Wood.

St. Michael's College Purple Knights invade the New York area this week meeting Adelphi Wednesday night (Dec. 11) at Garden City and NYAC Friday night (Dec. 13).

The Knights, defending their 1956-57 NCAA New England College Division title, found it tough going in their opening game, though they finally defeated an inspired Norwich quintet 74-68 at Burlington. The victory was St. Michael's 23rd straight over New England colleges and the 13th straight over Vermont opposition.

Biggest surprise of the early season is junior forward Ralph St. Peter, only local boy on the club. His 12 points were a vital factor in the opening victory. Five of his six field goals were on drive-in lay-ups.

St. Michael's does not return home until the St. Michael's Invitational Tournament December 27-30. Before that, they take part in the Quantico Marine Christmas Tournament at Quantico, Virginia, Dec. 17-20. The Knights play five games before returning to the friendly environs of Burlington. Adelphi will be competing in the St. Michael's Tournament.

BULLETIN - St. Michael's defeated Adelphi last night by a score of 84-75 in Garden City, L.I.

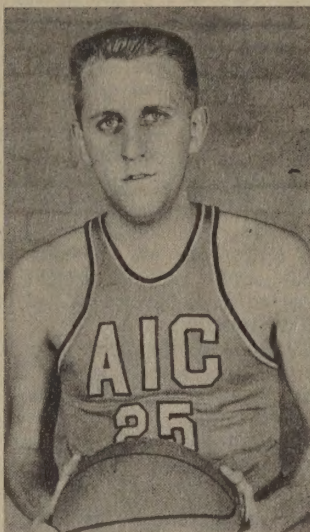
SAINT MICHAEL'S CHRISTMAS TOURNAMENT



The Host: St. Michael's College
Small College NCAA New England Champs - 1956-1957



St. Anselm's College, Manchester, New Hampshire
Last Year's Record 17-5



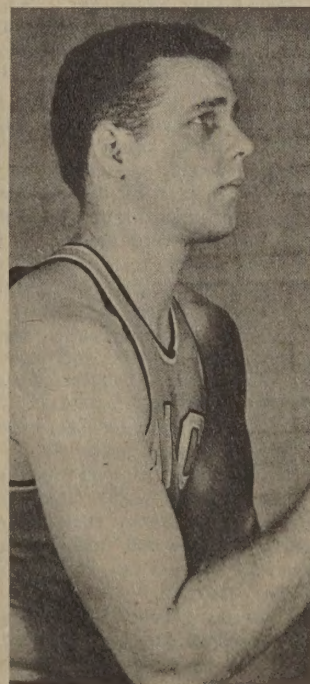
Harry Dudzinsky,
A.I.C. Big Scorer



Williams College
Williamstown, Massachusetts
Last Year's Record 8-10



Adelphi College
Garden City, L.I., New York
Last Year's Record 13-12



Dick Kross,
A.I.C. Leading Rebounder



Bowdoin College
Brunswick, Maine
Last Year's Record 9-11



The University of Massachusetts
Amherst, Massachusetts
Last Year's Record 13-11

Ed. Note: UVM's team picture is unavailable due to the recent death of Stan Leftowicz.

Destroyers.

We are the proud, the learned men,
We are the "Chosen few."
We point the educated pen
At what our fellows do.

We sneer, we laugh and write against
The tries that others make
To do some good. We are incensed
At everything. We take

To task the old, the proven ways.
We think we must wreck whatever stands.
We see just clouds, just rain-ruined days,
We care not for the lands.

Is it not sad to consider
That on our stones will be
The words; "To a destroyer,
Who only evil could see?"

Let us stop! Let us build awhile!
Must we only and always RAGE?
Is this whole world so vile?
Is its taint the lense of the age?

Oh, how wasted are our words,
Who try to tear and maim!
Only those who would build are heard
And only their words remain.

PTF

The Ants

Three Me109's kept their traditional V formation as they droned across the light blue sky. The shark-like hunters looking for prey.

In the lead fighter was Oberderleutenant Krausburger, an old veteran. He had three kills, gained in the Battle of Britain. He was to protect the two fledglings that tagged along behind. The veteran looked at his fuel gauge, "thirty minutes", he mused. Pushing his oxygen mask against his face with his throttle-hand, Krausburger gave the order, "Give flying time."

From the Messerschmitt following on the left side of the V, came the voice of a young boy, "Twenty-nine minutes, Herr Oberderleutenant." The plane on the right emitted similar voice as young Von Brunn reported, "Twenty-eight minutes, Herr Oberderleutenant!"

Fritz Von Brunn was a typical young German. The son of an infantry sergeant of the First World War. He was the boy you would expect to find working as a bellhop in some hotel in Berlin. Light-skinned, too young to shave and always with that lock of blond hair hanging over his left eye.



This was his first combat mission. For the first time in his life he was nervous. The vivid blue eyes bounced tirelessly around in their sockets. The veterans of Britain had told that air battles were won with the eyes. "The one who sees first, wins first." The Oberderleutenant told him to watch the clouds below. "The enemy will look like an ant crawling along on top of them." "Then we will step on it," Fritz had answered.

Now he didn't feel like stepping on an ant. The young flight sergeant looked down at his fuel indicator, twenty minutes. "Good," he thought, "Twenty minutes and we will be down out of this." The young flyer knew that this was an easy mission, but that didn't matter; he was scared. The old dreams of glory came back to him. The way he was going to act after he had shot down his first British fighter. Now he felt as though there was one right on the back of his



neck. He could feel the pilot aiming his eight powerful machine guns. He didn't feel like spotting that ant now.

Out of the corner of his eye the young pilot saw the lead plane lift its wing. The signal for a left turn - the homeward leg!

The unblemished cloudscape moved across the windscreen as the trim fighters rolled into their turn. The homeward leg -- for the first time he relaxed a little. The clouds struck him as being beautiful. "Almost as beautiful as Ana's hair." How could he forget the way it hung down to her shoulders. How could he ever forget the way she looked at him when he first called for her in his Luftwaff uniform.

Everyone beamed when he came home in his uniform. His mother's uncertain smile, his sister's deep interest and his father, the proud tearful smile. The first time he took him down to the Bou House to drink beer with the men. The walk home, the father stopping out in front of the house to tell him, "You'll have to be a good soldier, just like I was in the great war."

He must bring honor to the family. He must make Ana proud. He thought of what it would be like not to come back as a good soldier. His father would not want to be seen with him. Ana would never want to marry a coward. He must be a good soldier. He must make a kill.

"Aircraft on carpet, forward, right." The words hit Von Brunn like a slap across the ear. Just like a little ant, a Sunderland, lazily lumbered at point somewhere to the right of them. It was flying just above the carpet clouds - one thousand feet below the oncoming Me109's.

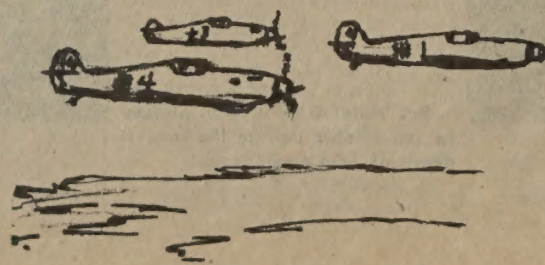
"The enemy". His hand took a tighter grip on the stick. Now would come the test. His breath became shorter. The planes approached each other within seconds. Fritz sharpened his ears for the order to attack. Blood began to pound in his ears. "It's right beside us, what is he waiting for?" Through the static of his headset and the throbbing in his ears came a muffled order, "Sergeant, Sta... ack." Fritz hesitated for a split second; then with cold chills running up his spine he realized what the order was, "start attack."

"Pursute curve" suddenly all tension left him. He became cool as he went into the procedure of attack. He kicked his right rudder and pushed the stick. Flick up the sight, set it. The powerful Damler-Benz screamed as he eased the throttle forward. The fighter shot down in a descending arc leading to the rear of the big seaplane. He watched the four-engined plane come out in front of him. Slowly his finger wrapped around the cannon trigger; his thumb crawled up to the machine gun button. One last look in the mirror and ... "God in heaven!"

Eight fifty calibers roar. Two thousand pieces of metal slash through the air. Some rip through wing covering, others crash into a gas tank and set the high octane gasoline within flaming. A metal hail flies into the cockpit and splatters blood across the inside of the windscreen.

The Oberderleutenant watched somberly as the four Spitfires banked away from the column of black smoke and over the lazy Sunderland. He wonders why the boy attacked when he was ordered to "stay back." The Spitfires jubilantly darted back to their perch above and behind the crawling ant.

Written and Illustrated by
Neil Fisk '59



Time

What is time? A measurement of motion, a tick of a clock a fleeting moment of joy, sorrow, nausea, indifference, hope, thought? Is it the distance between ourselves and accomplishment, or is it the passing present that will soon see us but dots in the world of tomorrow? Is it, too, the officer of repentance, the parenthesis of experience? We may see or live it as anything, but yet it escapes us. We cannot touch it, but, feeling its impact, we become aged and wise, young and carefree. It too becomes, when we meet love, the delight in its enjoyment, but more important; when I am with my love, when I am not. How long this love endures. The lacking soul asks: "When is love, when is repentance, when is accomplishment, when is wisdom?" The answer is, "Now." The escaping, undefinable, abstract, potent -- Now. It is ours, use it, live it, and be its King, not its subject.

By
William P. Willig

The Diary Of John Jay Monohan

As a student in a small mid-Atlantic liberal arts college, John Jay is much like the average student in any other school. He dates, drinks, cuts classes, doesn't like the food, has good days and bad days and complains. But John seems to gripe about different things than his confreres. He gripes about them. And there is one more difference that sets him apart from his society -- he keeps a diary. So on one of John's bad days, let us look into his diary.

"Dear Diary,
Well, another day has passed, the sun rose and set, the poets and pseudo-poets again have an opportunity to reflect on what they think of time and what they feel we should think of it. It's a shame, diary, how many worship what is simply the measure of sidereal motion and forget that all that makes any difference is the Eternal Now of God. So many rise against turning the clock back to --- say 1776 because it is past and therefore must be inferior to 1984.

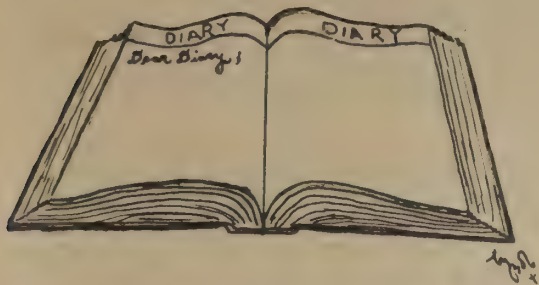
The quarterlies are upon us again. The boys are all around now trying to figure out what's going to be on the tests. 'Do you think he'll ask this?' 'No, that will never be on it!' That's all you'll hear around here now. I don't know, maybe it's the teachers' fault for not making this clear enough, but no one seems to know even what education is, never mind what it's for. No one seems to realize that it is the pursuit of truth and that truth is its only goal, not just A's or B's or passing tests. Tests are only the means a professor uses to stop and check your progress and not an end. The test result isn't even a criterion in a way for it is the pursuit and not the attainment that counts here. If they had to go to college in my father's day, they'd realize this. Students were assembled then not to be pampered and to be told how to pass test and what to study and what not. Then they merely sat while the professor formulated and observed but most important - search. Once in awhile he'd stop and see if they were with him --- if they weren't they just fell by the wayside and their mother still loved them. Once in awhile he would stop like the Florentine painter and invite comments but never would the search stop.

I got in an argument with Jerry this afternoon over what was essentially this point. He wants to

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know what he is going to be able to do when he gets out of here. He keeps asking what he can give to his society. When I tell him he must prepare himself for citizenship in two societies and the civil is second and the heavenly first, he says I'm getting holy again. I guess there is no place in to-day's "intellectualism" for a thought like that. Education first should teach you to be of value to your whole self, body and soul, and second to serve your society. Too many forget what the little boy in the cartoon knew when he asked his embarrassed father, "If we're here to help others, what are the others here for?" As Thoreau, we should all have a sign over our doors saying, "My destiny mended here, not yours." The only way to improve society is to improve yourself. To-day's world has too many self-styled chiefs and not enough Indians, too many preachers and not enough sinners - self-conscious sinners, that is. Especially around here it's about time we started thinking about education for ourselves. Last year we took Socrates, but how many "Know thyselfes." How many know the nature of the world they find themselves in and know their place in it. Diary, I find so helpful the words of Cardinal Newman, "God has created me to do Him some definite service; He has committed some work to me which He has not committed to another. I have my mission --- I may never know it in this life, but I shall be told it in the next." If only Jerry would read these and know them, he could understand my case for "education for privacy."

I got in another argument with Jim to-day on what he calls "the one answer system" or "the party line." He still claims that practically every teacher around here has some particular bias and you must agree or flunk. He says they just develop some line and you have to follow. He seems to be insulted that he's not expected to form all his own opinions on the greater thinkers of the past. Almost a Deweyite. I tried to tell him even if he was right --- more than half his class has been retired to private life and almost half of our class has joined them on the road of no return. Imagine the mortality rate around here if they ever gave us two answers to learn. But even at that I couldn't agree with his premises. First, our campus is hardly one where true intellectualism is electric. Second, there is a difference between the man who has spent his life in study, arrived at certain conclusions of which he is morally convicted, and wishes to impart the value of his work with us, and, the man who is watering the tree of knowledge here and neglecting it there, and as a result bends the tree toward a particular doctrine. Within the first category there are certainly degrees, and where a man fits is open to discussion, but to put a man in the second is a serious charge. I guess whoever it was who was talking about "a little knowledge" was right.

Well, I'd better hit the sack. I have to take the tests, too. I suppose most of us will pass and a few of us will fail, but even fewer of us will get up in the morning, go to Mass and pray for the light of the Holy Spirit.

J. J. M."

By P. Terrence O'Grady

Jazz

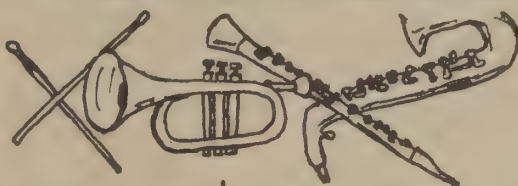
Abstract, detached, removed, diverted, these are words that could pertain to any number of artistic or scientific fields. Very few of us would associate them with the music world, even though they are a part of it. Most of us are accustomed to the terms cat, cool man and etc. Jazz as it is known today has a definite place in the music world which many people fail to realize. It is something that at times is misunderstood by many of our protectors and guardians.

Mention the name of Elvis Presley or the type of music he stands for, (Rock 'n' Roll) and you have people condemning jazz. This, to many jazz enthusiasts is an insult, to say nothing of what the jazz musicians think of it. Mr. Presley and rock 'n' roll have no resemblance to jazz at all, (except for the fact that he produces tones that are, like jazz, classified under the genus of music. True progressive jazz, as it is termed to distinguish it from its other counterparts, has had a hard time getting itself recognized.

Today's rock 'n' rollers are making it that much more difficult for jazz to be appreciated.

A true artist of jazz can be compared to a poet who stumbles upon his inner gifts. Although jazz is a derivative of swing that was so popular with the big bands of the '30s and the '40s, it is a thing of its own. It is like the abstract painting wherein new ideas are put on canvas. They can be shown over and over again, whereas the greater percentage of jazz is lost because it is not placed on a canvas or a music sheet. These sounds are a combination of joys and hates that are translated into a melody that is recordable. But a jazz artist is not basically interested in having his works published for commercial use; since they are an expression of his inner emotions and there are few of us who would care to have these published. The jazzist plays for himself; if other people do not appreciate what he is playing, it is of no consequence to him; if they do, he is pleased. There are those who do appreciate what he is expressing even though their interpretation of it may be different.

Those who do recognize it to be of worth are a special lot. They are not just a confined group of youths whose squealings would out do any stockyard in the country. The enthusiast, like the artist who performs, is of a higher mental caliber plane. Many of today's top jazzmen are of a college level, being so, it may be difficult for many people to understand their music.



But those who do, can find real enjoyment, relaxation and relief from life even though it may be only temporary. Some will say that rock 'n' roll does give the youth a complete opportunity to let loose his inhibitions. This may be true, but take a good look at the gyrations and the provocative gestures that are displayed by a number of the top rock 'n' roll characters. In my estimation these people tend to instill ideas that undermine the morals of our youth. Jazz men are opposed to this and the way the audiences whistle, shriek and carry on like a tribe of Aborigines. Just a mild round of applause will suffice..., this is the usual comment of an artist. An animal-like display is not needed to express one's emotions of pleasure or displeasure.

What is jazz; and what type of people play it? If we used Webster's definition of the meaning of jazz we will be placing it in the same category as rock 'n' roll. Webster may be a little late or we may be a little early, never the less, jazz today is an expression of ideas and feelings through the medium of music. This applies to all jazz types be it modern, traditional, dixieland, swing, bob, or progressive. The men who play this type of music are to most of us a little eccentric, as are most artists. They live in a world of their own and associate with the people of their trade. You may find agroup almost anywhere - in a cellar clouded with a sweet smelling smoke, jamming (that is playing with a pickup group). No leader, all playing together and then separately, each expressing himself and in his own way. The session may start about four in the morning and continue until seven or eight. From these cellars have come some of our top jazzists. Above all they play for the sake of playing and they love music that has feeling. Not sounds that seem as though they are only a few days out of the jungle, but true melody.

Many people believe that jazz will never stay! that since it is impromptu and rarely the same twice, it cannot exist. Things that come from the heart such as poetry, art and those things that alleviate emotion stress will always be in this world even though they may vary slightly in form. Jazz is here to stay and it will outlive Mr. Presley and his hip swinging friends by quite a number of years.

The Local Bastille

Many times I have read, in the morning paper of two college boys being put in jail for being disorderly in a local bar. At the breakfast table, over a cup of coffee, I might have remarked lightly upon the incident, and then simply forgotten about it. But the other day, this experience of being in jail over-night became far more than a casual news story to me.

A week ago Wednesday night, a friend and I decided to visit lower Main Street (the slums of this college town), have a few drinks, and watch the other half live. At the Mecca Club, we met a drunken woman just in off the streets and began talking to her. Soon an argument started, quickly burst into shouting and name calling, and brought the policeman on beat into the bar. While leading us out, we were warned to stay away from these bars or he would take us to the station, a



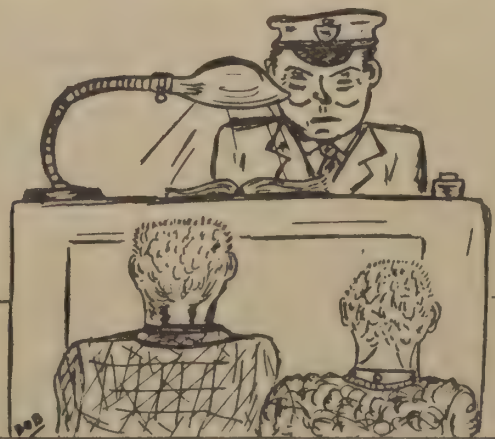
warning which sent us on our way toward the College. But when we passed Wilson's, we decided to run in for a beef sandwich before going home; and naturally, after ordering, we looked at each other, then toward the bar. Before we thought again, we were sitting before the shelf of bottles, sipping a beer apiece.

Well, the policeman had evidently been watching us; he walked up behind, laid a strong hand on us, and still holding us took us to the station three blocks away. Behind that door I entered a cold, efficient, impersonal world which had never existed for me before -- except in story-books and in movies which were intended to "amuse" me. Here was the desk sergeant, with what always had been called a genial Irish face. But when he looked up at us, no smile was there, the eyes brushing over our obviously college clothes, finding us no different from the other bums who had been his lodgers for ten, twenty years past. In much the same way that the registrar completed our college registration, the sergeant booked us. This time, though, we were not then led off to the clean rooms at Madin Hall.

Another officer, thin and bored, led us downstairs to the cells; opened one and said, "In here!" The key turned in the lock, the officer simply walked away; then the only sound was our breathing. We glanced at each other, but said nothing. As I turned quietly away, foot scraped against a bucket on the concrete floor. A bucket half-filled with water; the cell's only plumbing. The bunks were hung by chains from the back wall, crowding out about half of the cell's six-by-eight space. From the corridor a thin light from one bulb came through the bars, cutting the room with shadows and glowing dully on the silver-painted steel walls.

I hope, if I ever complain about the hardness of the dorm beds, again, I may be flogged. A flat straw tick was spread over an iron latticework; a tick which covered the iron, but didn't keep it from digging into my back or side or stomach as I turned from one hopeless position to another. My bed lay in a light which seemed to be constantly watching me, though I rolled away to bury my face in my arms. Here was something I NEVER knew, a place where a person could not, no matter how frantic he became, simply turn off light and walk out freely from a room.

Maybe I slept; I must have. But the fears and fantasies and dreams were so mixed that no rest came of it. In the early gray morning, I took some time before realizing that I might soon be out of this place -- though it would never be out of me. Then fully awake, I thought that after a few legal formalities upstairs we would be released. No, a squad car drove us to the county jail for morning court. Three hours we spent in the county jail, a lighter place, above ground, but stagnant with sickening odor of hundreds of past inmates and the half-dozen derelicts who were now also waiting for court. The smell of sour wine and vomit rose from the corner where a large bucket lay tipped over; cigarette butts and spit spotted the floor. We stood against the cell door, staring at the other men -- two sitting on the floor in the corner, one asleep with

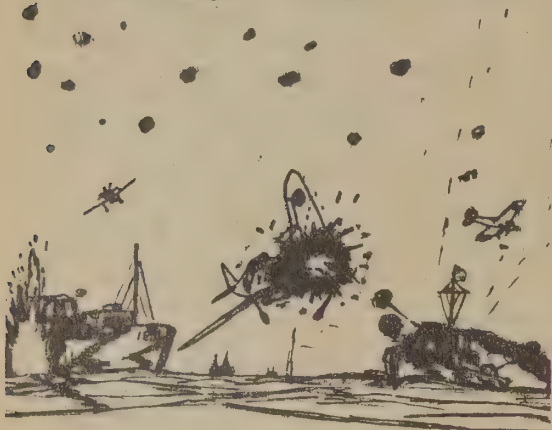


his mouth sagging open. The men on the bunks looked at us, then turned away, back into their own solitude: this was their world, probably their life, and we were merely intruders upon the way the other half lived.

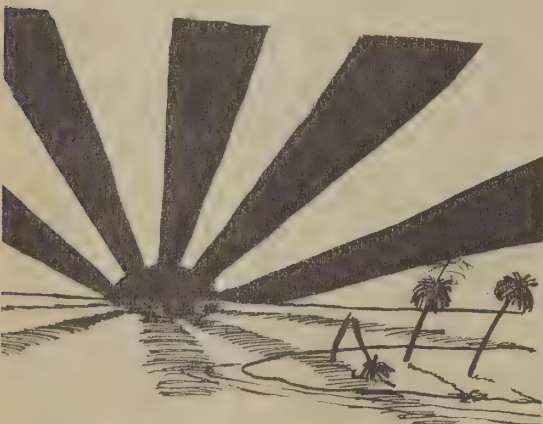
In court, when we were called out of the row of standing men, the judge fixed bond at \$50. My friend wrote out a check, and we were outside again, into fresh air which I seemed never before to have breathed. When we reached the dorm, I stripped off my suit and scrubbed myself in a shower. I rolled into bed, no lumps; a soft pillow, my shade down, my light off. Outside in the hall, a pair of boys walked by, casually talking about what would be asked on a chem exam; somehow, as I pulled the pillow over my ears, I felt that they should be talking about a world of sour wine, spit, steel, silence, a lost world which any one of us can share.

By
Philip Varricchione
Illustrated by
Bob Pelegrin

The Eagle Fought Back



A torrential rain of terror that falls from
turbulent sky;
Murderous, metallic fish from the murky depths
Bring oily, reddened waters to the Malay Gulf
And strife and death over Magellan's grave.
Scorched masts above the bay of a western
paradise;
A flickering wave - then ominous silence.
The West wind sings the death song,
And the rising sun sets o'er Balboa's prize.



Out of the gray, misty doom, the Eagle screams;
Winged 25's leave a Horne's nest;
Three great Ladies save the day at Midway;
Green-clad human fury storms the atolls;
A giant black armada - Magellan rests in peace.
A solitary silver bird - the final blow,
And tranquillity lays o'er the calm Pacific

By
Lawrence X. Clifford '59
Illustrated by
Neil Fisk '59

The Perfect Crime

Alex Kurn was an agile man for his age. At seventy he was perhaps a bit slower of pace, but still maintained an evidence of the briskness which had carried him through his career. His parted grey hair had receded but an inch from his forehead and smartly dressed, as he always was, he maintained an air of efficiency, vitality and influence. Meeting him walking along the street, one would judge his age to be about fifty-five.

Exactly what directed Alex in forming his adroit, but deranged scheme is difficult to determine. Forced to retire from his executive position five years before, he had found his widower existence lonely and monotonous. Oh, Alex had tried to break the monotony. He belonged to the best country club in the city, where he spent many days playing golf or cards with his retired friends. He continued active membership in civic

clubs but they still regarded him as a "retiring" member. He went for daily walks, chatted with the neighbors, went for long trips with two traveling companions, acquired a forced interest as a sports fan, and even became temporarily absorbed in the hobby of crossroads and cryptograms. Yet none of these satisfied his industry, especially his mental prowess in attacking a problem and arriving at its solution. Accustomed to daily trials and decisions, Alex had found his retirement a bit disadvantageous.

For Alex, while not vain, was proud of his personal abilities, especially his mental aptitude. He felt the desire to test himself in a new field, one which presented a challenge entirely new to him, yet one which would not require extensive preparation. It was because of this latter qualification that he had been dissuaded from scientific, philosophical or similar queries. Neither was he particularly disposed to studying, social problems for the benefit of mankind. Alex did not feel any need to aid society. No, Alex would have none of this. For him, the challenge lay in the field of crime.

Why or when the notion first began to preoccupy him, he himself could not answer. He only knew, as he sat in his study one evening, that he had achieved his goal. He desired to commit the perfect crime. Not a murder, mind you. Nothing as harmful as that. For Alex, it had to be an ingenious plan which he would devised himself. Its criteria was that it be a major crime, be openly known to police, and be openly known that he had committed it. Yet his method need be so flawless that he'd legally escape unscathed. The crime must not do permanent damage, since it was to be an amusement for him, and he therefore decided on theft.

The theft would be large, yet he would return his booty via legacy upon his death. He would keep accurate records, for his crime must be of a nature that it could be committed not once but many times.

Traveling to the mid-west to a town called Dunes, Alex was ready to put his plan into action. A moderately-priced hotel room, two blocks from a small, reputable jewelry store was to serve as the center of his operations. The store had to be small, perhaps growing, but necessarily reputable.

Arriving on a Thursday, Alex opened a bank account and set his plan in motion the following Monday. With the unavoidable congeniality of an experienced executive, he entered the jewelry store shortly after noon. He conversed freely with the clerk, casually mentioning that he was a visitor, would be in town for quite some time and was residing at a nearby hotel. He paid for his small purchase in cash and completed the first step of his plan.

Within the next three months, Alex made several afternoon stops at the jewelry store. He became well acquainted with the clerks and even the manager, who warmly greeted the cordial customer on each of his visits. With each stop, Alex made a purchase of greater value, paying for each in cash even after the prices soared upwards into hundreds of dollars.

In due time, the big day arrived. Alex walked confidently into the jewelry store. His timing was perfect - it was 3:00 o'clock Friday afternoon. The usual warm greetings were exchanged and Alex professionally, unhurriedly conversed with the clerk on duty. He desired a ring, he explained, for his favorite niece. The \$2000 band selected was perfect, he complimented. Would the store accept a cashier's check on a downtown bank? Of course, the manager assured the clerk, it was perfectly all right. Mr. Kurn was a regular customer and his credit was excellent.

Smiling, Alex left the store and walked a block to a public telephone. In a muffled voice he called the jewelry store.



"This is the FBI, agent Coucher. Didn't Alex Kurn just make a large purchase in your store? Did he pay for it with a cashier's check? He did? Alex Kurn is an expert forger and the check is phony! Call the police immediately while I follow him to his hotel to prevent his escape. He is staying at the Hotel Vintage, Room 412. And hurry!"

Immediately the frightened manager placed the call and hurriedly explained. He wanted the forger arrested before he escaped with the stolen ring!

Alex waited patiently in his room until the police arrived. He was shocked to see them at door. What could they want of him? Under arrest? Preposterous! Go downtown?

At headquarters, he swore the check was valid. Check it at the bank, he advised.

"Smart guy. All the banks closed at 3:00 till Monday morning. You can spend the time in jail under arrest until then."

And so Alex did. Monday morning, the bank was contacted and, as Alex had said, the check was good. Would he accept their apologies for his inconvenience? Of course. He would also sue the jewelry store for \$10,000 for false arrest. The store was only too happy to settle outside of court for \$4,000.

On hearing the complete story from the manager the police knew what he'd done, but couldn't prove that he had made the phone call. The jewelry store knew what he had done and angrily regretted the hasty action taken. Alex knew what he'd done, smiled as he made the notation in his record book, and moved on to another town.

James Canavan, '59

Illustrator
Bob Pelegrin, '61



THE WORD

VOL VII NO. 8

DEC. 11, 1957

ON OUR WAY

The big smiles are coming back, the frowns are disappearing. Bags are being packed and last minute preparations for the trip home are being made.

"Sputnik" and intercontinental missiles make this Christmas a little different from those of other years.

It probably isn't necessary to "preach" in these times, to warn you against adopting the pagan philosophy of "eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

You'll meet many people disheartened and bewildered who will follow that motto in carousing as a frantic escape mechanism because they fear the future.

The future does hold some threats for all of us, it is true. Hence, for the man of faith and character this Christmas vacation should be a reason of more seriousness, preparation, and prayer than usual for the future.

Don't fall for the cheap, dizzy stuff that the despairing will grasp. You can have a good time without it.

Choose now the amusements and friends that you can enjoy in the state of grace. Rule-out the rest. Choose those that can make you more ready to greet the Prince of Peace so that you may secure from Him peace and strength to help you you in the days ahead.

Show your parents more attention and affection this Christmas than usual.

Show them also that you face the future unafraid, with poise, with confidence in that Mother of God who can bring good out of any situation you will ever face.

May God bless every one of you. Keep the faith. And to all of you,

MERRY CHRISTMAS

MICHAELMAN
AUTHOR

TITEL

(bound)

DATE
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93

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